

100 Cigarettes (hansbarger)

Driving down 95 in a beat up Blazer with two bald tires.

Smoked about a hundred cigarettes.

Got my eye on the temperature gage,

but my minds on what you said,

about a year ago today.

Hallelujah, I'm almost through ya

I tell my self, but I know I'm lying.

The past is dying ... with every mile,

With every tank of gasoline.

A cop pulled me over near South of the Border

Beneath a sign about fireworks

I told him I was running, from an old time love song

He let me off, said he knew that tune.

Hallelujah, I'm almost through ya

I tell my self, but I know I'm lying.

The past is dying ... with every mile,

With every tank of gasoline.

It's a God awful wasteland in northern Florida.

The redneck miles they go on and on

But one way or another, I've got to discover

a piece of my heart or die trying.

Hallelujah, I'm almost through ya

I tell my self, but I know I'm lying.

The past is dying ... with every mile,

With every tank of gasoline.